

Mifs & Master MENAGE, as Children in the WOOD



crackling *del* *See brother! see on yonder bough* *hark! jump*
 The robin sits; hark! hear him now!
 Listen brother to the note,
 From pretty robin-red breast's throat
 Sweetest bird that ever flew
 Whistle robin, loodle too!
 Loodle too, sweet Robin.

LONDON.

Published as the act directs by J Roach opposite to the Pitt Door of New Drury
 Theatre Royal Dec: 9th 1793

SWEET ROBIN;
OR, THE
CHILDREN in the WOOD.
A SELECT COLLECTION
OF THE CHOICEST
SONGS,
ANCIENT AND MODERN.

*These pretty babes with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down ;
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town :
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmear'd and dy'd ;
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.*

LONDON :

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. ROACH, OPPOSITE THE
WEST DOOR OF NEW DRURY THEATRE-ROYAL,

1794.



S W E E T R O B I N ;

OR, THE
CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

The CHILDREN in the WOOD ;

OR, THE NORFOLK GENTLEMAN'S LAST WILL AND
TESTAMENT.

NOW ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I shall write ;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light :
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk liv'd of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have ;
His wife by him as sick did lie.
And both possess'd one grave,
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind :
In love they liv'd, in love they died,
And left two babes behind :

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old :
Th'other a girl, more young than he,
And made in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
"Three hundred pounds a year ;

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controul'd :

But if the children chance to die
 Ere they to age should come.
 Their uncle should possess their wealth,
 For so the will did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
 Look to my children dear ;
 Be good unto my boy and girl,
 No friends else I have here :
 To God and you I do commend
 My children night and day ;
 But little while, be sure, we have
 Within this world to stay.

You must be father and mother both,
 And uncle, all in one ;
 God knows what will become of them
 When I am dead and gone,
 With that bespake their mother dear :
 O brother kind, quoth she,
 You are the man must bring our babes
 To wealth or misery.

And if you keep them carefully,
 Then God will you reward ;
 If otherwise you seem to deal,
 God will your deeds regard :
 With lips as cold as any stone
 She kiss'd her children small :
 God bless you both, my children dear !
 With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke
 To this sick couple there :
 The keeping of your children dear,
 Sweet sister, do not fear ;
 God never prosper me nor mine,
 Nor aught else that I have,
 If I do wrong your children dear,
 When you are laid in grave,

Their

Their parents being dead and gone,
 The children home he takes,
 And brings them home unto his house,
 And much of them he makes.
 He had not kept these pretty babes
 A twelvemonth and a day,
 When for their wealth he did devise
 To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
 Which were of furious mood,
 That they should take the children young,
 And slay them in a wood.
 He told his wife, and all he had,
 He did the children send
 To be brought up in fair London,
 With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
 Rejoicing at that tide,
 Rejoicing with a merry mind,
 They should on cock-horse ride.
 They prate and prattle pleasantly,
 As they rode on the way,
 To those that should their butchers be,
 And work their lives decay.

So that the pretty speech they had
 Made murd'ers heart relent;
 And they that undertook the deed
 Full sore they did repent.
 Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
 Did vow to do his charge,
 Because the wretch who hired him
 Had paid him very large.

The other wou'd not agree thereto,
 So here they fell at strife;
 With one another they did fight
 About the children's life

And he that was of mildest mood
 Did slay the other there,
 Within an unfrequented wood ;
 While babes did quake for fear.
 He took the children by the hand,
 When tears stood in their eye ;
 And bade them come and go with him,
 And look they did not cry :
 And two long miles he led them on,
 While they for food complain :
 Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
 When I do come again.

These pretty babes with hand in hand
 Went wandering up and down ;
 But never more they saw the man
 Approaching from the town :
 Their pretty lips with blackberries
 Were all besmear'd and dy'd ;
 And when they saw the darksome night,
 They sat them down and cried.

Thus wander'd these two pretty babes,
 Till death did end their grief ;
 In one another's arms they died,
 As babes wanting relief :
 No burial these pretty babes
 Of any man receives,
 Till Robin-red-breast painfully
 Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
 Upon their uncle fell,
 Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
 His conscience felt a hell !
 His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd.
 His lands were barren made,
 His cattle died within the field,
 And nothing with him staid,

Aud

And, in the voyage of Portugal,
 Two of his sons did die ;
 And, to conclude himself was brought
 To extreme misery ;
 He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
 Ere seven years came about,
 And now at length this wicked act
 Did by this means come out.
 The fellow that did take in hand
 These children for to kill,
 Was for a robbery judg'd to die,
 As was God's blessed will :
 Who did confess the very truth,
 The which is here express'd ;
 Their uncle died, while he, for debt,
 In prison long did rest.
 All you that be executors made,
 And overseers eke,
 Of children that be fatherless,
 And infants mild and meek,
 Take you example by this thing,
 And yield to each his right ;
 Lest God, with such like misery,
 Your wicked minds requite.

M A R Y S C O T.

HAPPY's the love that meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn ;
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hopeless lover.
 Ye registers of heav'n relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
 Mary Scot, the flow'r of Yarrow ?

Ah, no! her form's too heavenly fair,
 Her love the gods above must share :
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at distance due adore her.
 O lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile :
 Alas ! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My Mary's tender as she's fair ;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish.
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky :
 When Mary Scott's become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise in Yarrow.

THE BATTLE OF FLOWDENHILL.

I'VE heard of a liting at our ewes milking,
 Lassies a' liting before the break of day ;
 But now there's a moaning on ilka green loaning,
 That our braw foresters are a' wede away.

At boughts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning,
 The lassies are lonely, dowie, and wae ;
 Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but fighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

At e'en, at the glomin, nae swankies are roaming
 'Mongst stacks, with the lassies at bogle to play,
 But ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary,
 The flowers of the forest that are wede away.

At har'ft, at the fhearing, nae younkers are jeering,
 The ban'fters are runkled, lyart, and grey;
 At a fair, or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
 Since our braw forefters are a' wede away.

O dool for the order, fent our lads to the border!
 The Englifh, for ance, by guile gat the day:
 The flowers of the foreft, that ay fhone the foremoft,
 The prime of our land lies cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liltin' at our ewes milkin',
 The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
 Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin',
 Since our braw forefters are a' wede away.

BONNY JEAN.

LOVE's goddefs in a myrtle grove,
 Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with fpeed,
 Nor let thy fhaff at random rove.
 For Jeany's haughty heart muft bleed.
 The fmiling boy with divine art,
 From Paphos fhoot an arrow keen,
 Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
 And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
 Refufes Willy's kind addrefs;
 Her yielding blufhes fhew no care,
 But too much fondnefs to fupprefs.
 No more the youth is fullen now,
 But looks the gayeft on the green,
 While every day he fpies fome new
 Surprifing charms in benny Jean.

A thoufand

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
 He moves as light as fleeting wind,
 His former sorrows seem a jest,
 Now when his Jeany is turn'd kind :
 Riches he looks on with disdain,
 The glorious fields of war look mean ;
 The cheerful hound and horn give pain,
 If absent from his bonny Jean.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
 Which even in summer shorten'd seems ;
 When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,
 He wonders at her in his dreams.
 All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
 Than Troy's prize, the Spartan queen,
 With breaking day, he lifts his sight,
 And pants to be with bonny Jean.

JOHN O' BADENYON.

WHEN first I came to be a man
 Of twenty years or so,
 I thought myself a handsome youth,
 And fain the world would know ;
 In best attire I slepp'd abroad,
 With spirits brisk and gay ;
 And here and there, and every where
 Was like a morn in May.
 No care I had nor fear of want,
 But rambl'd up and down,
 And for a beau I might have pass'd
 In country or in town ;
 I still was pleas'd where'er I went,
 And when I was alone,
 I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself
 Wi' John o' Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime,
 A mistress I must find,
 For love, I heard, gave one an air,
 And ev'n improv'd the mind,

On Phillis fair, among the rest,
 Kind fortune fix'd my eyes,
 Her piercing beauties struck my heart,
 And she became my choice.
 To Cupid now with hearty pray'r,
 I offer'd many a vow,
 And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and swore,
 As other lovers do ;
 But when at last I breath'd my flame,
 I found her cold as stone,
 I left the girl and tun'd my pipe,
 To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd,
 With foolish hopes and vain,
 To friendship next I steer'd my course
 And laugh'd at others pain ;
 A friend I got by lucky chance,
 'Twas something like divine,
 An honest friend's a precious gift,
 And such a gift was mine ;
 But now whatever might betide,
 A happy man was I,
 In any strait I knew to whom,
 I freely might apply ;
 A strait soon came, my friend I try'd,
 He laugh'd and spurn'd my moan,
 I hy'd me home and tun'd my pipe,
 To John o' Badenyon,

Methought I should be wiser next,
 And would a patriot turn,
 Began to doat on Johnnie Wilkes,
 And cry'd up Parson Horn ;
 Their noble spirit I admir'd,
 And prais'd their manly zeal,
 Who had with flaming tongue and pen,
 Maintain'd the public weal :

But

But ere a month or two was past
 I found myself betray'd.
 'Twas self and party after all,
 For all the stir they made ;
 At last I saw the fastious knaves,
 Insult the very throne,
 I curs'd them a' and tun'd my pipe,
 To John of Badenyon.

What next to do I mus'd a while,
 Still hoping to succeed,
 I pitch'd on books and company.
 And gravely us'd to read ;
 I bought and borrow'd every where,
 And studied night and day,
 Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote,
 That happen'd in my way ;
 Philosophy I now esteem'd
 The ornament of youth,
 And carefully thro' many a page,
 I hunted after truth ;
 A thousand various schemes I found,
 I yet was pleas'd with none.
 I threw them down and tun'd my pipe,
 To John o' Badenyon.

And now the youngsters ev'ry one,
 That wish to make a show,
 Take heed in time nor fondly hope,
 For happiness below ;
 What you may fancy pleasure here,
 Is but an empty name,
 And girls and friends and books and so,
 You'll find them a' the same :
 Then be advis'd and warning take,
 From such a man as me ;
 I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,
 Nor one of low degree ;
 You'll meet displeasures ev'ry where,
 Then do as I have done,
 E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself
 Wi' John o' Badenyon.

The

*The BRAES of YARROW,
In Imitation of the ancient Scots Manner:*

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR, ESQ.

A. **B**USK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow.
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think no mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride!
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow;
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, mann she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luvver, luvver dear.
Her luvver dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comliest swain
That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weids
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

B

What's

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood ?

What's yonder floats ? O dule and sorrow !

O tis he, the comely swain I flew

Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,

His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow ;

And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,

And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,

Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow ;

And weep around in wae'ful wise

His napless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,

My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,

The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,

His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to love ?

And warn from fight ? but, to my sorrow,

Too rashly bauld a stronger arm

Thou mett'st, and fell'st on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the

Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan, [grass,

Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,

Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet ? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,

As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,

As sweet smells on its braes the birk,

The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love,

In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter ;

Tho' he was fair, and well beluv'd again,

Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Bush

Bulk ye, then bulk, my bonny bonny bride,
 Bulk ye, bulk ye, my winsome marrow,
 Bulk ye, and love me on the banks of Tweed,
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. How can I bulk a bonny bonny bride?
 How can I bulk a winsome marrow?
 How love him upon the banks of Tweed,
 That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain?
 Nor dew, thy tender blossoms cover!
 For there was basely slain my love,
 My love, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
 His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:
 Ah wretched me! I little, little kenn'd
 He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed;
 Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
 But ere the dewfall of the night
 He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that wae'ful, wae'ful day;
 I sang, my voice the woods returning:
 But lang ere night the spear was flown,
 That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
 But with his cruel rage pursue me?
 My lover's blood is on thy spear,
 How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
 With cruel and ungentle scolding,
 May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes
 My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
 And strive with threatening words to move me :
 My lover's blood is on thy spear.
 How couldst thou ever bid me love thee ?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
 With bridal sheets my body cover ;
 Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
 Let in the expected husbande lover.

But who the expected husband, husband is,
 His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter :
 Ah me ! what ghastly spectre's yon
 Comes in his pale throud, bleeding after ?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
 O lay his cold head on my pillow ;
 Take all, take all these bridal weeds,
 And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,
 O could my warmth restore thee !
 Yet lye all night between my breasts,
 No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
 And lye all night between my breasts,
 No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
 Return and dry thy useless forrowe.
 Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
 He lies a corpse on the Bracs of Yarrow.

SHAKS-

SHAKSPEARE'S MULBERRY-TREE.

WRITTEN BY DAVID GARRICK ESQ.

BEHOOLD this fair goblet ! 'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, O my sweet Shakspeare ! was planted by thee ;
As a relic I kiss it, and bow at the shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine !

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree ;

Bend to thee,

Blest Mulberry ;

Matchless was he

Who planted thee,

And thou like him immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose head sweep the sky ;
Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here
To root out the natives at prices so dear !

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast ;
But of fir we make ships, we have thousands that fight,
While one, only one, like our Shakspeare can write.

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

Let Venus delight in gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flowers ;
The garden of Shakspeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flowers, and fairest of fruit.

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch
Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church ;
But law and the gospel in Shakspeare we find,
And he gives the best physic for body and mind.

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

The same of the Patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree ;
Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories resign,
Our tree shall surpass both the laurel and vine.

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

The genius of Shakspeare outshines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey ;
So the tree that he planted, by making his own,
Has laurels, and bays, and the vine all in one.

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

Then each take a relic of this hallow'd tree ;
From folly and fashion a charm let it be :
Fill, fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
To honour the country, do honour to him.

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree ;

Bend to thee,

Blest Mulberry ;

Matchless was he

Who planted thee,

And thou like him immortal shalt be.

LADY ANNE BOTHWEL'S LAMENT.

BALOW, my boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep :
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy.
Balow, my boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

Balow, my darling, sleep a while,
And when thou wak'ft then sweetly smile ;
But smile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids, nay God forbid ;

For

For in thine eye his look I see,
The tempting look that ruin'd me.
Balow, my boy, &c.

When he began to court my love,
And with his sugar'd words to move,
His tempting face, and flut'ring chear,
In time to me did not appear ;
But now I see that cruel he
Cares neither for his babes nor me.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth,
That ever kiss a woman's mouth,
Let never any after me,
Submit unto thy courtesy :
For, if they do, O! cruel thou
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.
Balow, my boy, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first,
To yield thee all a maiden durst,
Thou swore for ever true to prove,
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love ;
But quick as thought the change is wrought,
Thy love's no more, thy promise nought.
Balow, my boy, &c.

I wish I were a maid again,
From young men's flattery I'd refrain,
For now unto my grief I find,
They are all perjur'd and unkind :
Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
Witness my babe lies in my arms.
Balow, my boy, &c.

I take my fate from bad to worse,
That I must needs be now a nurse,

And

And lull my young son on my lap,
 From me, sweet orphan, take the pap.
 Balow, my child, thy mother mild
 Shall wait as from all bliss exil'd.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me
 Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee,
 Nor pay her deserved sinart,
 Who can blame none but her fond heart ;
 For, too soon trusting latest finds,
 With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
 When he the thrifless son has play'd,
 Of vows and oaths, forgetful he
 Prefer'd the wars to thee and me.
 But now perhaps thy curse and mine
 Make him eat acorns with the swine.

Balow, my boy, &c.

But curse not him, perhaps now he,
 Stung with remorse, is blessing thee :
 Perhaps at death ; for who can tell
 Whether the judge of heaven and hell,
 By some proud foe has struck the blow,
 And laid the dear deceiver low.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I wish I were into the bounds,
 Where he lies smother'd in his wounds,
 Repeating, as he pants for air,
 My name, whom once he call'd his fair.
 No woman's yet so fiercely set,
 But she'll forgive, tho' not forget.

Balow, my boy, &c.

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,
 Then quickly to him would I make
 My smock once for his body meet,
 And wrap him in that winding sheet.
 Ah me ! how happy had I been,
 If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee ;
 Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me :
 Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
 God grant thee patience when they come ;
 Born to sustain thy mother's shame,
 A hapless fate, a bastard's name.

Balow, my boy, ly still and sleep,
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

CORN RIGGS ARE BONNY.

MY Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy.
 His shape is handsome, middle size ;
 He's stately in his wawking ;
 The shining of his een surprise:
 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing.
 There mony a kindly word he spake
 That set my heart a glowing.
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony :
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
 ' O corn riggs are bonny.'

Let

Let maidens of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chastelely should be granting ;
 Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where corn riggs are bonny.

COWDEN-KNOWS.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
 Sing their successful loves,
 Around the cws and lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom
 So fair on Cowden-knows :
 For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
 And won my yielding heart ;
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
 Cou ld play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
 The hills and dales all round,
 Of Leader-haughs and Leader-side,
 Oh ! how I blest'd the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
 So fair on Cowden-knows :
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows.

Not

Not Tiviot braes so green and gay
 May with his broom compare,
 Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
 Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden-knows,
 My peaceful happy home,
 Where I was wont to milk my ews,
 At even among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
 Where Tweed with Tiviot flows,
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my lov'd Cowden-knows.

B L A C K - E Y ' D S U S A N .

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board ;
 Oh ! where shall I my true love find ;
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among the crew ?

William, who high upon the yard
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro.
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below :
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 (If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear)
 And drops at once into her nest
 The noblest captain in the British fleet,
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O ! Susan,

O ! Susan, Susan, lovely dear !

My vows shall ever true remain,

Let me kiss off that falling tear,

We only part to meet again :

Change as ye list, ye winds ! my heart shall be

The faithful compass that still points at thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,

Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;

The'll tell, the sailors, when away,

In ev'ry port a mistress find :

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,

For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,

Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,

Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,

Thy skin is ivory so white :

Thusev'ry beauteous object that I view,

Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,

Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;

Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,

William shall to his dear return :

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,

Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,

The sails their swelling bosom spread,

No longer must she stay on board ;

They kiss'd, she sigh'd ; he hung his head :

Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,

Adieu ! she cries ; and wav'd her lily hand.

The

The KING and MILLER of MANSFIELD.

It has been a favourite subject with our English ballad-makers to represent our kings conversing either by accident or design with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this song of the King and the Miller, we have K. Henry and the Soldier; K. James I. and the Tinker; K. William III. and the Forrester, &c. Of the latter sort, are K. Alfred and the Shepherd; K. Edward IV. and the Tanner; K. Henry VIII. and the Cobler, &c. —This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV. and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all that have been since written in imitation of it.

Part the First.

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting
 To the greene forest so pleasant and faire;
 To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping;
 Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire:
 Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd
 For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summers-day rode the king pleasantly,
 With all his princes and nobles eche one;
 Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gallantlye,
 Till the darke evening forc'd all to turne home.
 Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
 All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearilye, all alone, up and downe,
 With a rude miller he mett at the last:
 Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham;
 Sir, quoth the miller, I mean not to jest,
 Yet I thinke, what I thinke, sooth for to say,
 You doe not lightlye ride out of your way,

Why, what dost thou think of me, quoth our king merrily.

Passing thy judgment on me so brieft?

Good faith, sayd the miller, I meane not to flatter thee.

I guesse thee to bee but some gentleman thiefe;

Stand thee backe, in the darke; light not adowne,

Lest I presentlye cracke thy knaves crowne.

Thou dost abuse me much, quoth the king, saying thus:

I am a gentleman; lodging I lacke,

Thou hast not, quoth the miller, one groat in thy purse;

All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe:

have gold to discharge all that I call,

If it be forty pence, I will pay all.

If thou beest a true man, then quoth the miller,

I sweare by my toll-dish I'll lodge thee all night.

Here's my hand, quoth the king, that was I ever,

Nay, soft, quoth the miller, thou may'st be a sprite.

Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake;

With none but honest men hands will I take.

Thus they went all along unto the millers house;

Where they were a feething of puddings and soufe:

The miller first enter'd in, after him went the king;

Never came hee in for smoake a house.

Now, quoth he, let me see here what you are.

Quoth our king, look your fill, and do not spare.

I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face;

With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye,

Quoth his wife, by my troth, it is a handsome youth,

Yet it's best, husband, to deal warilye.

Art thou no runaway, prythee, youth, tell?

Shew me thy passport, and all shal be well.

Then

Then our king presentlye, making lowe courtesye,
 With his butt in hand, thus he did say ;
 I have no passport, nor never was servitor,
 But a poor courtier, rold out of my way :
 And for your kindnes here offered to mee,
 I will requite you in everye degree.

Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretlye.
 Saying, It seemeth, this youth's of good kin,
 Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners :
 To turne him out, certainlye, were a great sin.
 Yea, quoth hee, you may see, he hath some grace.
 When he doth speake to his betters in place.

Well, quoth the millers wife, young man, ye're welcome
 And, though I say it, well lodged shall be : [here ;
 Fresh straw will I have, laid on thy bed so brave,
 And good brown hempen sheetes likewise, quoth shee.
 Ave, quoth the good man, and when that is done,
 Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own sonne.

Nay, first, quoth Richard, good-fellowe, tell me true,
 Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay hose ?
 Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado ?
 I pray, quoth the king, what creatures are those ?
 Art thou not lowly, nor scabby ? quoth he :
 If thou beest, surely thou lyest not with mee.

This caus'd the king suddenlye to laugh most heartilye,
 Till the teares trickled fast downe from his eyes.
 Then to their supper were they set orderlye,
 With hot bag-puddings, and good apple-pyes ;
 Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,
 Which did about the board merrily trowle.

Here, quoth the miller, good fellowe, I drinke to thee,
 And to all cuckolds, wherever they bee.
 I pledge thee, quoth our king, and thanke thee heartilye
 For my good welcome in every degree :
 And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne,
 Do then, quoth Richard, and quicke let it come.

Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth light foote,
 And of his sweete melle a little we'll taste.
 A faire venison pallye brought she out presentlye.
 Eate, quoth the miller, but, sir, make no waste :
 Here's dainty lightfoote ! In faith, sayd the king,
 I never before eate so dainty a thing.

I wis, quoth Richard, no dainty at all it is,
 For we doe eate of it everye day.
 In what place, sayd our king, may be bought like to this ?
 We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay :
 From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here ;
 Now and then we make bold with our king's deer,

Then I thinke, sayd our king, that it is venison.
 Eche foole, quoth Richard, full well may know that :
 Never are wee without two or three in the rooff,
 Very well fleshed, and excellent fat :
 But, sir, say nothing where ever thou goe ;
 We would not for two pence the king should it knowe.

Doubt not, then, sayd the king, my promised secrefye ;
 The king shall never know none on't for me.
 A cup of lambs-wool they drank unto him then,
 And to their beds they pass presentlye.
 The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,
 For to seek out the king in everye towne.

At last, at the millers cott, soone they espy'd him out,
 As he was mourning upon his fair slede ;
 To whom they came presently, falling down on their knee ;
 Which made the millers heart wofully bleed :
 Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,
 Thinking he should have been hang'd by the rood.

The

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,
 Drew forth his sword, but nothing he fed :
 The miller downe did fall, crying before them all,
 Doubting the king would have cut off his head :
 But he his kind courtesy for to requite,
 Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight.

Part the Second.

When as our royall king was come home from Nottingham,
 And with his nobles at Westminster lay ;
 Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken,
 In this late progress along on the way :
 Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
 The miller of Manfield's liked him best.

And now, my lords, quoth the king, I'm determin'd,
 Against St. Georges next sumptuous feast,
 That this old miller our new confirmed knight,
 With his son Richard, shall here be my guest :
 For, in this merriment, 'tis my desire
 To talk with the jolly knight, and the young squire.

When as the noble lords saw the kinges pleasantness,
 They were right joyfull and glad in their hearts ;
 A pursuivante there was sent straight on the business,
 The which had often-times been in those parts.
 When he came to the place where they did dwell,
 His message orderlye then 'gan he tell.

God save your worshippe, then said the messenger,
 And grante your ladye her owne hearts desire ;
 And to your sonne Richard good fortune and happines ;
 That sweet, gentle, and gailant young squire.
 Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,
 You must come to the court on St. George's day.

Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place.

I wis, quoth the miller, this is an odd jest :

What should we doe there? I'm halfe afraid,

I doubt, quoth Richard, to be hang'd at the least.

Nay, quoth the messenger, you doe mistake :

Our king he provides a great feast for your sake.

Then sayd the miller by my troth, messenger,

Thou hast contented my worshippe full well.

I hold, here are three farthings, to quite thy gentleness

For these happy tydings, which thou dost tell.

Let me see, heare thou mee; tell to our king,

We'll wayt on his ~~master~~ship in everye thing.

The pursuivante smiled at their simplicitie,

And, making many leggs, tooke their reward ;

And his leave taking with great humilitie,

To the king's court againe he repair'd ;

Shewing unto his grace, merie and free,

The knightes most liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller say,

Here come expences and charges indeed ;

Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend all we have ;

For of new garments we have need :

Of horses and serving-men we must have store,

With bridles and saddles, and twenty things more.

Tufne, Sir John, quoth his wife, why should you fret or

You shall ne'er be at no charge for mee ; [frown ;

For I will turn and trim up my old russet gowne,

With every thing else as fine as may bee;

And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,

With pilowes and pannels as we shall provide.

In this most stately sort rode they unto the court,

Their jolly sonne Richard rose foremost of all ;

Who set up, for good hap, a cocks feather in his cap,

And so they jetted downe to the kings hall ;

The merry old miller with hands on his side ;

His wife, like maid Marian, did mince at that tide.

The

The king and his nobles, that heard of their coming,
 Meeting this gallant knight with his brave traine :
 Welcome, sir knight, quoth he, with your gay lady ;
 Good Sir John Cockle, once welcome againe :
 And so is the squire of courage for free.
 Quoth Dicke, A bots on you! do you know me ?

Quoth our king gentlye. How should I forget thee ?
 That wast my own bed-fellow, well it I wot.
 Yea, sir, quoth Richard, and by the same token,
 Thou ~~whore-fou~~ ~~unhappy~~ ~~knave~~ ~~didst~~ ~~make~~ ~~me~~ ~~so~~ ~~foolish~~
 Thou whore-fou unhappy knave, then quoth the knight,
 Speak ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~king~~, ~~or~~ ~~else~~ ~~of~~ ~~me~~

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
 While the king taketh them both by the hand ;
 With the court dames and maids, like to the queen of spades,
 The miller's wife did see orderly stand,
 A milk-maids courtesye at every word ;
 And downe all the folkes were set to the board.

There the king royally, in princelye majesty,
 Sate at his dinner with joy and delight ;
 When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,
 And in a bowl of wine drinke to the knight :
 Here's to you both, in wine, ale, and beer ;
 Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.

Quoth Sir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle,
 Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire :
 But then, said our king, now I think of a thing,
 Some of your lightfoot I wish we had here.
 Ho ! ho ! quoth Richard, full well I may say it,
 'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it.

Why art thou angry ? quoth our king merrilye :
 In faith, I take it now very unkind :
 I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine heartilye.
 Quoth Dicke, You are like to stay till I have din'd :
 You

You feed us with twatling dishes so small;
Zounds, a black-pudding is better than all.

Aye, marry, quoth our king that were a daintye thing,
Could a man get but one here for to eat.
With that Dicke straight arose, and plucked one from his
hose.

Which with heat of his breech gan to sweate.
The king made a proffer to snatch it away:—
'Tis meat for your master; good sir, you must slay.

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent:
And then the ladies prepared to dance:
Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard incontinent,
Unto their places the king did advance:
Here with the ladies such sport they did make,
The nobles with laughing did make their sides ache.

Many thanks for their paines the king gave them,
Asking young Richard then, if he would wed;
Among these ladies free, tell me which liketh thee?
Quoth he, Jugg Grumball, Sir, with the red head:
She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed;
She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead.

Then Sir John Cockle the king called unto him,
And of merry Sherwood made him o'er-see;
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearlye;
Take heed now you steal no more of my deer:
And once a quarter let's here have your view;
And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu.

AH! CHLORIS.

To the Tune of GILDEROY.

AH! Chloris, could I now but sit,
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness nor pain.

When

When I this dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming day,
 Flittle thought that rising fire
 Would take my heart away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
 As metals in a mine.
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine,
 But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection prest :
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupid at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart.
 Each gloried in their wanton part :
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art ;
 To make a beauty, she.

T W E E D - S I D E.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose?
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed?
 Yet Mary's still sweeter than those ;
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,
 Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush.
 The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.

Come,

Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring;
 We'll lodge on some village on Tweed,
 And love, while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pain of my breast,
 And steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgin excel,
 No beauty with her can compare!
 Love's graces around her do dwell,
 She is fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed.

WILLIE'S RARE, *and* WILLIE'S FAIR.

WITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,
 Young Willy won my heart,
 A blyther swain you couldna see.

All beauty without art.

Willie's rare, and Willie's fair.
 And Willie's wond'rous bonny,
 And Willie says he'll marry me.
 Gin e'er he'll marry ony.

O came you by yon water side,
 Pull'd you the rose or lily?
 Or came you by yon meadow green?
 Or saw you my sweet Willie?
 Willie's rare, and Willie's fair, &c.

Syne

Syne now the trees are in their bloom,
 And flowets spread o'er ilka fields
 I'll meet my lad among the broom,
 And lead him to my summer's shield.
 Willie's rare, and Willie's fair, &c.

SONG *in the Opera of the* ROSE,

A H! think not to deceive me,
 With flatt'ring oaths and lies;
 'Tis all in vain, believe me,
 For Love has piercing eyes.

A trifling present given,
 Oft binds affection fast,
 And grateful woman's driven
 To give herself at last,

From the Same.

I F a kiss you would gain,
 Am I bound to explain?
 Ah! could you not guess by my eyes?
 When they, without guile,
 So twinkle and smile,
 A glance is enough to the wise.

SONG *in* LOVE *in a* VILLAGE

O H! had I been by fate decreed
 Some humble cottage swain,
 In fair Rosetta's eyes to feed
 My flocks upon the plain.

What

What bliss had I been born to taste.
Which now I ne'er could know?
Ye envious pow'rs? why have ye plac'd
My fair one's lot so low?

The BANKS of the TWEED,

RECITATIVE.

AS on the banks of Tweed I lay reclin'd
Beneath a verdant shade,
I heard a sound more sweet, than pipe or flute,
Sure more enchanting was not Orpheus' lute,
While list'ning and amaz'd I turn'd my eyes,
The more I heard, the greater my surprise;
I rose and follow'd, guided by my ear,
And in a thick-set grove I saw my dear,
Unseen, unheard, (she thought) thus sung the maid:

AIR.

To the soft murmuring stream I will sing of my love,
How delighted am I when abroad I can rove,
To indulge a fond passion for Jockey my dear,
When he's absent I sigh, but how blyth when he's near.
'Tis the rural amusements delight my sad heart,
Come away to my arms love, and never depart,
To his pipe I could sing, for he's bonny and gay;
Did he know how I lov'd him, no longer he'd stay.

Neither linnet nor nightingale sing half so sweet;
And the soft melting strain did kind echo repeat,
It so ravish'd my heart and delighted my ear,
Swift as light'ning I flew to the arms of my dear;
She, surpriz'd, and detested, some moments did stand
Like the rose was her cheek, and the lily her hand,
Which she plac'd on her breast, and said Jockey I fear
I have been too imprudent, pray how came you here?

For

For to visit my ewes, and to see my lambs play,
 By the banks of the Tweed, and the groves I did stray,
 But my Jenny, dear Jenny, how oft' have I sigh'd,
 And have vow'd endless love if you would be my bride,
 To the altar of Hymen my fair one repair,
 Where the knot of affection shall tie the fond pair,
 To the pipe's sprightly notes the gay dance we will lead,
 And will bless the dear grove by the banks of the Tweed.

WE-BUGHTS MARION.

WILL you go to the ewe-bughts Marion,
 And wear in the sheep wi' me?
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
 But nae haff fae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,
 And the blyth blinks in her e'e;
 And fain wad I marry Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marry me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion;
 A cow and a brawny quey,
 I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
 Just on her bridal day.

And ye's get a green sey apron,
 And waiscoat of the London brown,
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
 Nane dances like me on the green;
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 I'll n'eu gie draw up with Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
 And kirtle of the cramashie,
 And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I shall come well and see ye.

A FAVOURITE SONG,

Sung by Mrs. SMITH in the DESERTER.

SOME how my spindle I mislaid
 And lost it underneath the grafs :
 Damon advancing, bow'd his head,
 And said what seek you pretty lass :
 A little love when urg'd with care,
 Oft leads a heart and leads it far,
 Oft leads a heart. C.

'Twas passing by yon spreading oak,
 That I my spindle lost just now ;
 His knife then kindly Damon took,
 And from the tree he cut a bough ;
 A little love when urg'd with care,
 Will lead a heart and lead it far,
 A little love, C.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
 While me he tenderly beheld ;
 He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,
 For ah, my heart did fondly yield,
 A little love when urg'd with care,
 Will lead a heart and lead it far,
 A little love, &c.

S O N G.

WHEN lovely woman floops to folly
 And finds, too late, that men betray ;
 What charms can soothe her melancholy ?
 What art can wash her guilt away ?
 The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom—is to die !

THE

THE LASS OF PATTIE'S MILL.

THE lass of Pattie's mill,
 So bonny blith and gay,
 In spite of all my fall,
 She stole my heart away;
 When telling of the hay,
 Bare-headed on the green;
 Love midst her looks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth,
 To press them with his hand.
 Through all my spirits ran
 An ecstasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness find,
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
 Hopeton's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will,
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Pattie's mill,
 Should share the same wi' me.

JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.

TWAS on the morn of sweet May-day,
 When nature painted all things gay,
 Taught birds to sing, and lambs to play,
 And gild the meadows fair.
 Young Jockey early in the morn
 Arose and tript it o'er the lawn :
 His Sunday's coat the youth put on,
 For Jenny had vow'd away to run
 With Jockey to the fair.
 For Jenny had vow'd, &c.

The cheerful parish bells had rung,
 With eager steps they trudg'd along,
 With flow'ry garlands round him hung,
 Which shepherds us'd to wear ;
 He tap'd the window, Haste, my dear ;
 Jenny impatient cry'd, Who's there ?
 'Tis I, my love, and no one near,
 Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
 With Jockey to the fair.
 Step gently down, &c.

My dad and mammy's fast asleep,
 My brother's up and with the sheep ;
 And will you still your promise keep,
 Which I have heard you swear ?
 And will you ever constant prove ?
 I will by all the pow'rs above,
 And ne'er deceive my charming dove,
 Dispel those doubts, and haste my love
 With Jockey to the fair,
 Dispel those doubts, &c.

Behold the ring, the shepherd cry'd,
 Will Jenny be my charming bride ?
 Let Cupid be our happy guide,
 And Hymen meet us there :

Then

Then Jockey did his vows renew,
 He wou'd be constant, wou'd be true!
 His word was pledg'd, away she flew.
 With cowslips tipt with balmy dew,
 With Jockey to the fair.

With cowslips tipt, &c.

In raptures met the joyful train,
 Their gay companions, blith and young,
 Each join the dance, each join the throng
 To hail the happy pair:

In turns there's none to fond as they,
 They bless the kind propitious day,
 The smiling morn of blooming May,
 When lovely Jenny run away,
 With Jockey to the fair.

When lovely Jenny, &c.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
 The yellow-hair'd Laddie would oftentimes go,
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn-trees grow.
 There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sang his loves evening and morn;
 He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That sylphs and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Maya be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air:
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
 Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
 But Susie was faithful, good humour'd and free,
 And fair as the goddess which sprung from the sea,

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently four :
Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parent's agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

BONNY LASS LIE IN A BARRACK,

O BONNY lass will you lie in a barrack,
And marry a Soger, and carry his wallet.
Yes I will go and think no more on it,
I'll marry my Harry and carry his wallet :
I'll neither ask leave of my minnie or daddie,
But off and away with my Soger laddie.

O bonny lass will you go a campaigning,
Will you suffer the hardships of battle and famine,
When fainting and bleeding, O coulp you draw near me,
And kindly support me, and tenderly chear me.

O yes I will go through these evils you mention,
And twenty times more if you had the invention :
Neither hunger, nor cold, nor danger alarms me,
While I have my Soger, my dearest to charm me.

SWEET WILLY O.

THE pride of all Nature was sweet Willy O,
The pride of all Nature was sweet Willy O :
The first of all swains,
He gladden'd the plains,
None ever was like to the sweet Willy O.

He sung it so rarely did sweet Willy O,
He sung it, &c.
He melted each maid,
So skilful he play'd,
No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.

All

All Nature obey'd him the sweet Willy O,
All Nature, &c.

Wherever he came,
Whatever had name,
Whenever he sung follow'd sweet Willy O.

He would be a Soldier the sweet Willy O,
He would, &c.

When arm'd in the field,
With sword and with shield,
The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.

He charm'd them while living the sweet Willy O.
He charm'd, &c.

And when Willy dy'd,
'Twas Nature that sigh'd,
To part with her all in the sweet Willy O.

THE GAWKIE.

BLYTH young Bess to Jean did say,
Will ye gang to yon funny brae,
Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,
And sport a while wi' Jamie?
Ah na, lass, I'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak' nae care,
Nor about Jamie tak' nae care,
For he's tane up wi' Maggy.

For hark, and I will tell you lass,
Did I not see your Jamie pass,
Wi' muckle gladness in his face,
Out o'er the muir to Maggy.
I wat he gae her mony a kiss,
And Maggy took them ne'er amiss;
'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,
That Bess was but a gawkie.

For whene'er a civil kifs I seek,
She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
And for an hour she'll scarcely speak :

Who'd not call her a gawkie ?
But sure my Maggy has mair sense,
She'll gi'e a score without offence ;
Now gi'e me ane unto the mense,
And ye shall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye hae mony tane,
But I will never stand for ane
Or twa, when we do meet again,
Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.
Ah na, las, that ne'er can be,
Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,
Or ony thy sweet face that see,
E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, wish'd, nae mair of this we'll speak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet ;
Instead of Meg he kist sae sweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.
O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
When I came by, your gown's sae new,
Think you've got it wet wi' dew,
Quoth she, that's like a gawkie.

It's what wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
And I'll get gowns when it is gane,
Sae ye may gang the gate you came,
And tell it to your dawtie.
The guilt appear'd on Jamie's cheek,
He cry'd, O cruel maid, but sweet,
If I should gang another gate,
I ne'er could meet my dawtie.

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I'VE seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
 I've felt all its favours, and found its decay ;
 Sweet was its blessing, kind its carelling,
 But now 'tis fled,——fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost,
 With flowers of the forest, most pleasant and gay.
 Sae bonny was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming,
 But now they are wither'd and wedded away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
 And loud tempest storming before the mid-day.
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams shining in sunny beams,
 Grow dromy and dark as he row'd on his way.

O fickle fortune! why this cruel sporting ?
 O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day ?
 Nae mair your smiles can cheer me, nae mair your frowns
 can fear me,
 For the flowers of the forest are withered away.

SONG IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

LET gay ones and great,
 Make the most of their fate,
 From pleasure to pleasure they run ;
 Well who cares a jot ?
 I envy them not.
 While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light ;
 The blisses I find,
 No stings leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.

QUEEN

QUEEN OF THE MEADOWS.

COME, Amanda, charming creature !
 Hear the woodland warblers sing,
 While each forward nymph of nature
 Now is pregnant with the spring ;
 Haste to view the dawning blushes,
 On dame Flora's infants seen,
 All beneath the blooming bushes,
 Swaddled in their mantles green.

Rise, fair damsel, with Aurora,
 Rise and see their early pride ;
 Visit Flora's offspring—Flora
 Will repay you when a bride,
 Will return it, by portraying
 On your childrens' faces fair
 Such soft tinges, sweet displaying
 Ev'ry rose and lilly there.

Let us lose the day in sporting
 O'er the verdant carpets gay,
 Till the nightingale sits courting
 Midnight list'ners to his lay :
 Homeward then, our steps befriending,
 Our kind stars will lend each ray,
 With the moon's, or else attending
 Glow-worms light the hedge row way.

Ev'ry rural charm is wasted ;
 Dull is ev'ry landskip round ;
 Spring itself remains untasted,
 Till the Meadow's Queen is crown'd.
 Ev'ry grace attends about you ;
 All things sweet compose thy train ;
 All is anarchy without you—
 Haste, and bless us with thy reign.

AULD

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the ky at
 hame,
 And a' the warld to sleep are gane ;
 The waes of my heart fa's in flow'rs frae my ee,
 When my gudeman lyes found by me.

Young Jemmy loo'd me well, and he fought me for his
 bride,
 But saving a crown he had naething beside :
 To mak' that crown a pound, my Jemmy gade to sea,
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been awa' a week but only twa,
 When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was flown awa' ;
 My father brak, his arm, and my Jemmy at the sea,
 And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father coud'na' work, and my mither coud'na' spin,
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coud'na' win ;
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
 Said, Jenny for their fakes, O marry me.

My heart it faid na, I look'd for Jemmy back ;
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck,
 The ship it was a wreck, why didna Jenny die ?
 And why do I live to fay waes me ?

Auld Robin argu'd fair, that my mither did'na' speak,
 She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break,
 So they gied him my hand, though my heart was in the sea,
 And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna' been a wife a week but only four,
 When sitting fae mournfully at the door,
 I saw my Jemmy's wreath for I didna' think it he,
 Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O fair

O fair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
 We took but ae kifs, and we tore ourselves away;
 I with I were dead, but I'm not like to die,
 And why do I live to say waes me?

I gang like a ghaist, and carena' to spin:
 I darena' think on Jemmy, for that would be a sin:
 But I'll do my best a good wife to be,
 For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

THE DEATH OF AULD ROBIN GRAY, AND JAMIE'S RETURN.

THE summer it was smiling, all nature round was gay,
 When Jenny was attending on auld Robin Gray;
 For he was sick at heart, and had nae friend beside,
 But only me poor Jenny, who newly was his bride.

Ah! Jenny, I shall die, he cry'd, as sure as I had birth;
 Then see my poor auld banes, laid into the earth:
 And be a widow for my sake, a twelvemonth and a day,
 And I will leave whate'er belongs to auld Robin Gray.

I laid poor Robin in the earth as decent as I cou'd,
 And shed a tear upon his grave, for he was very good;
 I took my rock unto my hand, and in my cot I sigh'd,
 Oh wae is me, what shall I do, since poor auld Robin died.

Search ev'ry part throughout the land, there's none like
 me forlorn,
 I'm ready e'en to ban the day that ever I was born.
 For Jamie, all I lov'd on earth: ah! he is gone away,
 My father's dead, my mother's dead, and eke all Robin
 Gray.

I rose up with the morning sun, and spun till setting day,
 And one whole year of widowhood I mourn'd for Robin
 Gray;

I did

I did the duty of a wife, both kind and constant too;
Let every one example take, and Jenny's plan pursue.

I thought that Jamie he was dead, or he to me was lost,
And all my fond and youthful love entirely it was cross;
I try'd to sing, I try'd to laugh, and pass the time away,
For I had ne'er a friend alive since dy'd auld Robin Gray.

At length the merry bells rang round, I could na' guess
the cause;
It was the news of peace, they said, which gain'd so much
applause:

I doubted if the tale was true, till Jamie came to me,
And shew'd a purse of golden ore, and said it was for thee:

Auld Robin Gray I find is dead, and still your heart is
true,
Then take me, Jenny, to your arms, and I will be so too,
Mc's John shall join us at the kirk, and we'll be blith and
gay,
He blith'd, consented, and reply'd, adieu to Robin Gray.

JAMIE GAY.

AS Jamie Gay gang'd blyth his way,
Along the banks of Tweed;
A bonny lass, as ever was,
Came tripping o'er the mead:
The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
The buxom nymph survey'd:
And full of glee, as lad could be,
Bespoke the pretty maid.

Dear lassie tell, why by thyself
Thou hast'ly wand'rest here?
My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide!
Canst tell me laddy where?

To town I'll lie, he made reply,
 Some mickle sport to see;
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
 I'll seek the ewes with thee.

She gae'in her hand, nor made a stand,
 But lik'd the youth's intent;
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
 Right merrily they went;
 The birds sang sweet the pair to greet,
 And flowers bloom'd around;
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
 And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon.
 (The zenith of his pow'r,)
 When to a shade their steps they made,
 To pass the mid-day hour:
 The bonny lad, row'd in his plaid,
 The lads who scorn'd to frown;
 She soon forgot the ewes she sought,
 And he to gang to town.

RURAL CONTENTMENT: .

A SEQUEL TO THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

Tune—*O bonny Lads will you lie in a Barrack.*

I SAT on a bank by the side of a river,
 I thought my dear Jamie had left me for ever,
 But while I sat pensively sighing and mourning,
 Ah! who should I see, but my Jamie returning.

I straight ran to meet him, I threw my arms round him,
 Still charming, still kind, still constant, I found him;
 With ardor he press'd me, ah! who would oppose him,
 While thus I reveal'd the warm wish of my bosom.

“ O

O lay my dear Jamie thy follies give over,
 No more leave these plans, be no longer a rover,
 No more seek for glory, when cannons loud rattle,
 Nor leave my fond arms for the fold of a battle.

For peace in a cottage and pastoral pleasure,
 Where love trips with joy, in some hollicksome measure,
 Believe me, my Jamie are far more enticing,
 Than war's empty pomp which you've always been prizing."

My Jamie smil'd sweetly, the linnets and thrushes,
 Who chanted their songs from the jessamine bushes,
 The groves and the plains were so gay, so inviting,
 They made him forget his ambition for fighting.

He said he would love me, and never would leave me,
 He gave me his hand that he ne'er would deceive me,
 He swore he'd no more show his foes his resentment,
 But live with his Annie in rural contentment.

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill;
 Then Bell, my wife, who lo'es nae strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up, goodman, save Cromy's life,
 And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorn?
 Thou kenst my cloak is very thin:
 It is sae bare and overworn,
 A cricke he thereon he cannot rin:

Then I'll nae langer borrow nes lend,
 For ance I'll new apparell'd be,
 To-morrow I'll to town and spend,
 For I'll hae a new cloak about me.

My Cromie is an uselful cow,
 And she is come of a good kine;
 Aft has she wet the bairns' mou,
 And I am laith that she should tyne;
 Get up, goodman, it is fu' time.
 The sun shines in the lift so brie:
 Sloth never made a gracious ene.
 Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now its scanty worth a groat,
 For I hae worn't this thretty year.
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die;
 Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn
 To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
 His trews they coll him half-a-crown;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the taylor thief and lown;
 He was the King that wore the crown,
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
 'Tis pride puts a' our country down,
 Sae tak' thy auld cloak about thee.

Ev'ry land has its ain lough,
 And a kind of corn it has its hool;
 I think the waird is a' ran wrang.
 When ilka wife her man wad rule;
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hub,
 As they are guided gallantly?
 While I sit hunkling in the ale,
 O' hae a new cloak about me.

Goodman

Goodman, I wat 'tis thretty years
 Since we did ane anither ken;
 And we hae had between us twa,
 O' lads and bonny lasses ten;
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wifh and pray well may they be;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye,

Bell, my wife, she lo'es that strife:
 But she wad guide me if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life.
 I aft mann yield, though I'm goodman,
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gi'e them a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak' my auld cloak about me.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 They war' twa bonny lasses.
 They bigged a bower on yon burn brae,
 And thecked it o'er wi' rashes.
 Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er cou'd alter;
 But Mary Grey's twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap,
 She smiles like a May morning.
 When Phoebus flarts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning:
 White is her neck, fast is her hand,
 Her waist and feet fu' genty;
 With ilka grace she can command;
 Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a caw,
 Her een like diamonds glances;
 She's ae fac clean, redd up and braw,
 She kils whene'er she dances;
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is;
 And guides her airs ae gracefu' lili,
 O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco fair oppress us:
 Our fancies jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lasses:
 Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're flented;
 Then I'll draw cuts and tak' my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

THE last time I came o'er the muir,
 I left my love behind me;
 Ye pow'rs what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me?
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chaffling sporting;
 We kils'd and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her dark curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings when she was nigh me;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me,
 Or call upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me :
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my care at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter ;
 Since she excells in ev'ry grace,
 In her my love shall center.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
 She shall a lover find me ;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Though I left her behind me :
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom ;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

'T WAS summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
 And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree.
 At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,
 I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
 Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river ;
 Thy banks' purest streams shall be dear to me ever ;
 For there I first gain'd the affection and favour
 Of Janie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
 To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he ;
 And, ah ! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
 He's gone, helpless youth ! o'er the rude roaring billows ;
 The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows ;
 And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
 The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps restore him ;
 Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me :
 And when he returns with such care I'll watch o'er him,
 He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
 The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying ;
 The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing ;
 While I with my Jamie are carelessly playing
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

DAMON AND CUPID.

THE sun was now withdrawn,
 The shepherds home were sped ;
 The moon wide o'er the lawn
 Her silver mantle spread :
 When Damon pass'd that way,
 And saunter'd in the grove ;
 Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
 And give me love for love.

Oh ! those were golden hours,
 When love devoid of cares,
 In all Arcadia's bow'rs,
 Lodg'd swains and nymphs by pairs ;
 But now from wood and plain
 Flies every sprightly lass ;
 No joys for me remain,
 In shades or on the grass.

The

The winged boy draws near
And thus the swain reproves :
Which heavy revell'd here,
My game lay in the groves.
At court I never fail,
To scatter round my arrows ;
Men fall as thick as hail,
And maidens love like sparrows.

Then swain, if me you need,
Straight lay your sheep-hook down ;
Throw by your oaten reed,
And haste away to town ;
So well I'm known at court,
None asks where Cupid dwells,
But readily resort,
To Benfon's or Lapell's.

DONNEL AND FLORA.

*On the late misfortune of General Burgoyne and his gallant
army. By a Lady.*

WHEN merry hearts were gay,
Careless of ought but play,
Poor Flora flipt away,
Sadd'ning to Mora*:
Loose flow'd her coal-black hair,
Quick heav'd her bosom bare,
And thus to the troubled air,
She vented her sorrow.

' Loud howls the northern blast ;
' Bleak is the dreary waste ;
' Haste then, O Donnel haste,
' Haste to thy Flora !

* *A valley in Athole so nam'd by the two lovers.*

‘ Twice twelve long months are o’er
 Since in a foreign shore,
 ‘ You promis’d to fight no more,
 ‘ But meet me in Mora.

‘ Where now is Donnel dear ?
 (Maids cry with taunting sincer)

‘ Say is he still sincere
 To his lov’d Flora !

‘ Parents upraid my moan :
 ‘ Each heart is turn’d to stone.
 ‘ Ah ! Flora, thou’rt now alone
 ‘ Friendless in Mora !

‘ Come then, O come away,
 ‘ Donnel, no longer stay :
 ‘ Where can my rover stray
 ‘ From his dear Flora ?
 ‘ Ah ! sure he ne’er cou’d be
 ‘ False to his vows and me :
 ‘ O Heav’n !—is not yonder he
 ‘ Bounding in Mora !

‘ Never, O wretched fair,
 (Sigh’d the sad messenger.)
 ‘ Never shall Donnel mair
 ‘ Meet his lov’d Flora.
 ‘ Cold, cold beyond the main,
 ‘ Donnel thy love lies slain,
 ‘ He sent me to soothe thy pain,
 ‘ Weeping in Mora.

‘ Well fought our gallant men,
 ‘ Headed by brave Burgoyne,
 ‘ Our heroes were thrice led on
 ‘ To British glory.
 ‘ But ah ! though our foes did flee,
 ‘ Sad was the lots to thee,
 ‘ While ev’ry fresh victory
 ‘ Drown’d us in sorrow.

“ Here

“ Here take this trusty blade,
(Donnel expiring said)

“ Give it to yon dear maid

“ Weeping in Mora.

“ Tell her O Allan, tell

“ Donnel thus bravely fell,

“ And that in his last farewell

“ He thought on his Flora.”

Mute stood the trembling fair,

Speechless with wild despair,

Then striking her bosom bare

Sigh'd out, poor Flora.

O Donnel! O well a-day,

Was all the fond heart could say!

At length the sound dy'd away

Feebly in Mora.

A FAVOURITE SONG,

Wrote by a Lady.

WEEP not, ye streams of gentle Tay;
Nor mourn ye flow'ry banks sae bonny!

Though wars have call'd my love away,

Heav'n will protect my faithful Johny.

'Twas fame that urg'd him to the field,

'Twas fame inspir'd him thus to leave me;

Pleas'd I survey'd the glitt'ring shield,

But ah! how much our parting grieves me!

Let dad and fretful mother scold,

And for some richer laird design me;

Yet neither pow'r, nor pomp, nor gold.

From youthful Johny shall incline me.

'Twas fame, &c.

What's

What's wealth compar'd to him I love !

To him for ever fond to please me ?

The live long day beneath the grove

To kiss, to clap, to bleis and squeeze me ?

'Twas fame, &c.

Weep not, ye streams of silver Tay !

Nor mourn ye flow'ry banks, so bonny !

Though aye allur'd my love away

Heav'n will return unhurt my Johnny.

'Twas fame that urg'd him to the field,

'Twas fame that urg'd him thus to leave me ;

Pleas'd I survey'd the glitt'ring shield,

But ah ! how much our parting grieves me !

S O N G.

LET masonry from pole to pole,

Her secret laws expand ;

Far as the mighty waters roll,

To wash remotest land !

That virtue has not left mankind,

Her social maxims prove :

For stamp'd upon the mason's mind

Are unity and love.

Ascending to her native sky,

Let masonry increase ;

A glorious pillar rais'd on high,

Integrity its base.

Peace adds to olive-boughs entwined,

An emblematic dove ;

As stamp'd upon the mason's mind

Are unity and love.

Songs, Duets, Chorusses, &c. in The CHILDREN
IN THE WOOD. As performed at the Theatre
Royal, Haymarket, with Universal Applause.

AIR.—Mrs. BLAND.

WHEN love gets you fast in his clutches,
And you sigh for your sweetheart away ;
Old Time cannot move without crutches,
Alack ! how he hobbles !—well-a-day !—well-a-day !

But when Walter my trembling hand touches,
And love's colourings o'er my cheeks flay ;
Old Time throws aside both his crutches,
Alack, how he gallops !—well-a-day !—well-a-day !

AIR.—Mr. BANNISTER, jun.

THERE was Dorothy Dump, would mutter and mump
And cry ' my dear Walter, heigho !'
But no sleep she could take, would my constancy shake—
For she had a timber toe.

There was Rebecca Rose, with her aqueline nose,
Who cried ' for you Walter I die,'
But I laugh'd at each glance, she threw at me askance—
For she had a gimlet eye.

There was Tabitha Twist, had a mind to be kissed,
And made on my heart an attack ;
But her love I derided—for she was lopsided,
And cursedly warp'd in the back.

There was Barbara Brian, who always was crying,
' Dear youth put an end to my woes,'
But to save in her head all the tears that she shed,
Nature gave her a bottle nose.

F

DUET

DUET.—*Mrs. BLAND, and Master MENAGE.*

- Mrs. B.—Young Simon in his lovely Sue,
Beheld a darling treasure.
- Mr. M.—Young Simon in his lovely Sue,
Beheld a darling treasure.
- Mrs. B.—The toilsome day before him flew,
For love makes labour pleasure.
- Mr. M.—The toilsome day before him flew,
For love makes labour pleasure.
- Mrs. B.—Oh! fie dear boy can't you discern,
'Tis love makes labour pleasure.
- Mr. M.—Oh! yes, dear girl, I soon shall learn,
That love makes labour pleasure.
- Mrs. B.—Oh fie dear boy.
- Mr. M.—Oh! yes, dear girl.
- Mrs. B.—Oh! fie, you can't discern,
- Mr. M.—Oh! yes, dear girl, I soon shall learn,
That love makes labour pleasure.
But I am loath to sour sweet music's strain,
Shall we begin?
- Mrs. B.—Yes, we will begin again.
Young Simon, &c.

DUET.—*Mrs. BLAND, and Mr. SUETT.*

- Mrs. B. Great sir, consider my honour is ready.
- Mr. S. Great sir, consider, the dinner is ready.
- Mrs. B. An humble domestic is not worth your care.
- Mr. S. Dear sir, give me leave to present the bill of fare,
- Mrs. B. Take a lady—
- Mr. S. Here's tongue—
- Mrs. B. With honour—
- Mr. S. And mutton
- Mrs. B. If handsome and young;
- Mr. S. What a feast for a glutton;

Mrs.

Mrs. B. Dressed in bodice as fine, and in kirtle so taily.

Mr. S. With bittern, and quails, and a venison pally.

Mrs. B. But ah! Sir, beware of jealousy——

Mr. S. And mustard.

Mrs. B. Else you'll prove by your care

Mr. S. A goose and a bullard——

Mrs. B. Your love is too hot.——

Mr. S. The mutton's overboild——

Mrs. B. My fame you would blot.

Mr. S. And the pig will be spoild.^{crso}

Mrs. B. Believe me great sir, to my honour I'm steady,

Mr. S. And believe me great sir the dinner is ready.

AIR.—*Miss MENAGE.*

SEE brother! see on yonder bough
The robin sits;—hark! hear him now!
Listen brother to the note,
From pretty robin red-breast's throat—
Sweetest bird that ever flew
Whistle robin, loodle loo!
Loodle loo, sweet robin*.

AIR.—*Miss DE CAMP.*

MARK the true test of passion when a lover is nigh.
It's hue is the rose—its language a sigh;
But when doubts interfere, and no lover is nigh.
Then its hue is a lilly, its language a sigh.

AIR.—*Mr. DIGNUM.*

WHEN first to Helen's lute
I sung, as she play'd to me;
How came these then to shoot
A thrilling sense all thro' me?
O! 'twas love, 'twas love!

F 2

In

* See Plate.

In my eyes it glitten'd ;
 'T would inspire a brute
 To sing, if Helen listen'd—
 O ! my love, my love !

Why call I with delight
 This ditty's plaintive numbers,
 To wrap my fair in night.
 And soothe my Helen's slumbers ?
 O ! 'tis love, 'tis love ;
 Lullaby, my dearest
 Care from thee take flight.
 And peace thy heart be near'd !
 O ! my love, my love !

AIR.—Mrs. Bland.

A Yeoman of no mean degree,
 For thirst of gain and lucre, he,
 A pretty babe did murder strait,
 By reason of his large estate.

To vex him to his heart's content,
 To him the murder'd babe was sent ;
 Full blue appear'd the candle flame,
 And a knocking at the window came.

His conscience sorely smit'd him,
 And made him tremble every limb ;
 With that the ghost began to roar,
 And straitways burst'd open the door.

FINALE.

Mr. BANNISTER.

Have I sav'd this girl and boy ?
 Is't so understood, Sirs.
 May I hollow, now, for joy—
 Are we out of the wood, Sirs ?
 Have I saved, &c.

Mr.

Mr. DIGNUM.

Providence has smiled on me,
Happy I, as may be;
A father here—at either knee,
A rosy dimpled baby.
Have we saved. &c.

Miss DE CAMP.

Fullest mine of mother's bliss,
Fuller naught can make it;
Since all to-night who witness this,
Seem kindly to partake it.
Have we saved, &c.

Mrs. BLAND.

Now my Walter, I shall wed,
Gay my heart, and light, Sirs—

Mr. BANNISTER.

And I my girl have made a bed,
To fit us right and tight, Sirs—
We have saved, &c.

WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW.

It is from the following stanzas that Shakspeare has taken his song of the Willow, in his *Othello*, A. 4. s. 3. though somewhat varied, and applied by him to a female character. He makes Desdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner :

- * My mother had a maid call'd Barbaric :
- * She was in love ; and he she lov'd forsook her,
- * And she prov'd mad. She had a song of *WILLOW*,
- * An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune ;
- * And she dyed singing it.

A Poore soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree ;
 O willow, willow, willow !
 With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee :
 O willow, willow, willow !
 O willow, willow, willow !
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland !

He sigh'd at his singing, and after each grone,
 O willow, &c.
 I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone ;
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

My love she is turned, untrue she doth prove :
 O willow, &c.
 She renders me nothing but hate for my love.
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O pittie me (cried he) ye lovers, each one ;
 O willow, &c.
 Her heart's hard as marble, she rues not my moene.
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The cold streams ran by him, the youth wept apace ;
 O willow, &c.
 The salt tears fell from him. which drowned his face :
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The

The mute birde sat by him, made tame by his mones :

O willow, &c.

The salt tears fell from him, which softned the stones.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove :

O willow, &c.

She was borne to be faire ; I to die for her love.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so hard !

O willow, &c.

My true-love rejecting without all regard.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let love no more boast him, in palace or bower ;

O willow, &c.

For women are trothles, and fote in an houre.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

But what helps complaining ? In vain I complaine :

O willow, &c.

I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdaine.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me ;

O willow, &c.

He that 'plaines of his false love, mine's false than she.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The willow wreath weare I, since my love did fleet ;
 O willow, &c.
 A garland for lovers forsaken most meete.
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the green willow shall be my garland !

Part the Second.

LOWE lay'd by my sorrow, begot by disdain,
 O willow, willow, willow !
 Against her too cruell, still still I complaine,
 O willow, willow, willow !
 O willow, willow, willow !
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland !

O love too injurious, to wound my poor heart ;
 O willow, &c.
 To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart :
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O willow, willow, willow ! the willow garland,
 O willow, &c.
 A signe of her falsenesse before me doth stand :
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As here it doth bid to despair and to dye,
 O willow, &c.
 So hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye,
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view
 O willow, &c.
 Of all that doe know her, to blaze her untrue.
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

With

With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,

O willow, &c.

Here lyes one, drank poyson for potion most sweet.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Though she thus unkindly hath scorned my love,

O willow, &c.

And carelesly smiles at the sorrowes I prove ;

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,

O willow, &c.

Cause once well I lov'd her, and honour'd her name :

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The name of her founded so sweete in mine care,

O willow, &c.

It rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my grieve ;

O willow, &c.

It now brings me anguish, then brought me reliefe,

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Farewell, fair falsehearted : plaints end with my breath !

O willow, willow, willow !

Thou dost loath me, I love thee, though cause of my death.

O willow, willow, willow !

O willow, willow, willow !

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland !

LOCH-

L O C H A B E R.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I have many days been !
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'el may be return to Lochaber no more.

These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attendant on war.
 Tho' borne on rough seas to a far distant shore,
 May be to return to Lochaber no more.

The hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
 They ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's nothing like leaving my love on the shore :

To leave thee behind me my heart is fair pain'd,
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd ;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory my Jenny, must plead my excuse,
 Since honour commands, how can I refuse,
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be :

I gae them, my lass, to win honour and fame ;
 And should I but chance to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more,

WHEN

WHEN ABSENT FROM THE NYMPH I LOVE

WHEN absent from the nymph I love,
 I'd fain shake off the chains I wear;
 But, whilst I strive these to remove,
 More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.
 My captiv'd fancy, day and night,
 Fairer and fairer represents
 Belinda, form'd for dear delight,
 But cruel cause of my complaint.

All day I wander thro' the groves,
 And, sighing, hear from ev'ry tree
 The happy birds chirping their loves,
 Happier compar'd with lonely me.
 When gentle sleep, with balmy wings,
 To rest fans ev'ry weary wight,
 A thousand fears my fancy brings,
 That keep me waking all the night.

Sleep flies, while, like the goddess fair,
 And all the graces in her train,
 With melting smiles, and killing air,
 Appears the cause of all my pain.
 A while my mind, delighted, flies
 O'er all her sweets with thrilling joy,
 Whilst want of worth makes doubt arise
 That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus, while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
 I'm all o'er transport and desire;
 My pulse beats high, my cheeks appear
 All roses, and mine eyes all fire.
 When to myself I turn my view,
 My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan;
 Thus, whilst my fears my pains renew,
 I scarcely look, or move a man.

THE BANKS OF FORTH.

AWAKE, my love, with genial ray,
 The sun returning glads the day ;
 Awake, the balmy zephyr blows ;
 The hawthorn blooms, the daisy glows ;
 The trees regain their verdant pride ;
 The turtle wooes his tender bride ;
 To love each warbler tunes the song,
 And Forth in dimples glides along.

Oh more than blooming daisies fair !
 More fragrant than the vernal air ;
 More gentle than the turtle dove,
 Or streams that murmur thro' the grove !
 Bethink the all is on the wing,
 These pleasures wait on wasting spring ;
 Then come, the transient bliss enjoy,
 Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.

The PLEASURES of RURAL LOVE.

WITH the man that I love, were I destin'd to dwell
 On a mountain, a muir, in a cot, in a cell ;
 Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be
 More pleasing than courts, or a palace to me.

Let the vain, and the venal, in wedlock aspire
 To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire :
 I yield them the bliss, where their wishes are plac'd,
 Insensible creatures ! 'tis all they can taste.



THE END.

